

Vox Fluminis



1934

VOX FLUMINIS

EDITED BY
THE PUPILS OF RIVERBEND SCHOOL

RIVERBEND
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
WINNIPEG

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DEDICATION

We dedicate this number of Vox Fluminis

to

MISS LAING

who has so efficiently accomplished her innumerable tasks
in her quiet and unassuming manner.

THE SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1933-1934

- Sept. 13th: We trooped back to school.
- Oct. 3rd: The prefects, Grace McCurdy, Mary Cowan, Marnie Austin and Mabel Stewart were appointed.
- Oct. 4th: Sports Day. The Senior cup was won by Grade XI., the Junior cup by Grade VII.
- Oct. 28th: We held our Hallowe'en party and had skits by the different grades.
- Nov. 3rd: The House System was established and each house held its first meeting.
- Nov. 10th: We held our Armistice Service. Mrs. Herklots spoke on disarmament.
- Nov. 17th: The Junior School had an indoor sports day.
- Nov. 22nd: The French Club was honored by a visit from Madame Zimmern.
- Dec. 1st: We presented "Twelfth Night," a great success.
- Dec. 8th: We had an outdoor House Party and had refreshments afterwards.
- Dec. 20th: We wrote our last exam and then sang carols lustily for an hour.
- Jan. 19th: Mr. Shaw gave us a lecture on Dr. Drummond.
- Jan. 27th: The Alumnae held a silver tea.
- Feb. 5th: The Houses received the names of York Hall, Douglas Hall and Garry Hall.
- Feb. 7th: We held our annual swimming meet at the Y.W.C.A.
- Feb. 14th: We celebrated Valentine's Day by having heart-shaped things for lunch.
- Feb. 23rd: The Junior School presented "Alice in Wonderland," with great success.
- Feb. 27th: Open Day. Our parents came to see us taught.
- Feb. 28th: Our basketball teams played Ruperts Land's. We were victorious.
- Mar. 9th: The Gym Display. Great excitement!
- April 19th: The Senior Glee Club sang in the Festival.
- April 20th: The Intermediate Glee Club sang in the Festival.
- April 23rd: The badminton finals were played off. Inas George won the singles and she and Mary Cowan won the doubles.
- April 24th: Miss Gertrude Rutherford spoke to Grades X., XI., and XII.
- May 7th: Arbor Day. We planted five evergreen trees. Enthusiasm displayed by Juniors over new sand-pit.



JOAN M. V. FOSTER

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

"Riverbend."

Spring, 1934.

My dear Girls,

This is, as you know, the last letter which I shall write to you as your Principal. Five years ago, when I wrote the first letter in your magazine I linked the first and last times of any action as being of special significance, quoting to you De Quincey's saying that we never do anything consciously for the last time without regret. Regret is there because the last time must always be an end, bringing with it a certain sadness for that reason alone; but in this case it is too mild a term for the very real sorrow which I feel in leaving so many of those, both old girls and present girls, whom I have come in the last five years to regard with so much affection.

I think I may say without conceit that the fact that I am leaving you brings to an end one phase both in the life of Riverbend and in my own life and I want therefore to state the qualities which I have hoped would develop as special characteristics in this school which you and I have built together. I should like it to stand for solid, stable things—for hard work, for a sound academic standard, for honesty and clarity of thought, for sincerity of character and purpose. These are plain, homespun virtues, perhaps, not appealing at once to the eye; but they are amongst those things whose worth increases with the passage of time, when others, possibly of a greater superficial attractiveness, will have faded.

You have come to expect of me a review of the year's events and even in as solemn a letter as this I want to refer to the formation of our houses, which now after much thought and discussion we have called after three fortresses of the early history of Manitoba—York, Garry and Douglas. I consider the introduction of this system to be a very important development and I hope that through your friendly rivalry and your loyalty to your "hall," you may learn a greater loyalty to the school as a whole.

I am not going to say good-bye. Life in the strange way that it has, will no doubt bring many of you into touch with me again and in any case I shall always watch the school and each one of you individually with real interest as your friend. So I shall say in closing only "farewell"—may you travel on in prosperity and happiness.

As always,

Yours affectionately,

JOAN M. V. FOSTER,

Principal.



MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE

(1)

Little Jack Horner
 Sits in the corner,
 Safe from the missiles that fly ;
 She's our only star boarder,
 So we have to guard her,
 She's the head of a house now, that's why.

—Ariel.

(2)

Little Bo-Peep has lost her balance,
 And fallen. So What? — Ten
 At least of her loving friends to the rescue
 Together cry, "What! Again?"

—Marg.

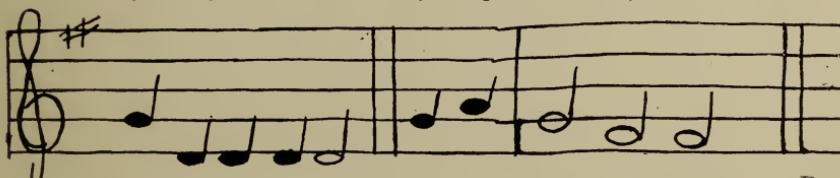
(3), (3A)

Jack and Jill
 Went up the hill (It was only a staircase, really),
 To dance in the gymnasium ;
 Jill in red,
 With bow on head—
 Jack decked for the occasion.

—Grace and Marnie.

(4)

Little Miss Muffet
 Sat on a tuffet,
 Playing a hymn she knew.
 If you don't know the tune,
 You may find it out soon.
 (Just try this one out on your piano, folks.)



—Ruth.

(5)

There is a little girl, and she has a little trick
 Of blushing at things she hears, hears, hears.
 It really is quite funny—
 It reminds you of a bunny—
 For she pinkens to the tips of her ears, ears, ears.

—Mary.

(6)

Humpty Dumpty sat near the wall,
 Dreaming of going to Osgoode Hall ;
 Not all the King's Counsels, nor any fresh smartie,
 Can stop her from backing the Liberal party.

—Shiela.

(7)

Hickory dickory dock
 The mouse ran up the clock (To set her watch).
 The clock struck one,
 And she turned somersaults all the way down.

—Mabel.

(8)

There is a girl in our form,
 And she is wondrous wise;
 E.g., in Latin Authors,
 The meaning soon she spies.
 Not only here surpassing,
 Guess what she also did—
 She stood above us all again,
 Atop a pyramid.

—Janet.

(9)

Little Boy Blue, come wipe up your ink;
 This spot will need blotters and lemon, I think.
 But where is the girl who plays forward and scores?
 She's down on her knees, scraping ink off the floors.

—Jane.

(10)

Sinful Simon met a policeman,
 Speeding in from Aggie;
 Said the policeman, to Sinful Simon,
 "Oh yeah? Well, tell that to the judge."

—Elsbeth.

(11)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he;
 He had a little snicker, that went flicker, flicker, flicker,
 And a Titian-haired lass was she.

—Roberta.

(12)

Georgey Porgey, clumpety clump,
 She's in basketball, she plays jump.
 Georgey Porgey, answers aright—
 What time did you go to bed last night?

—Inas.

(13)

Old Mother Hubbard
 Went to the cupboard,
 Took out some foolscap and ink.
 She sat down to write
 Result—verses bright.
 Now who was she? Who do you think?

—Aline.

—Aline Harvey.

SOLITUDE

Now the joys of solitude are chiefly these
Five teachers come to teach me what I please.

I have a wee room that is all my own
Which seems to me just like a little home.

A desk, a chair or two and chest of drawers
To help me work and write for hours n' hours.

And now I thank all those who taught me to delve,
The dumbest student that e'er was in a Grade Twelve.

—Helen Leonard.
Grade XII.

(With abject apologies to Bliss Carman.)



THE COUNCIL

1st Row: Caroline Harris (Grade VIII.), Marian McCurdy (Grade X.),
Winnifred Davidson (Grade VII.), Betty Moxon (Grade IX.)

2nd Row: Mabel Stewart (Prefect), Marnie Austin (Prefect, D.H.), Grace McCurdy (Head Girl),
Mary Cowan (Prefect, Y.H.), Ariel Anderson (G.H.)

In her evening paper, Matron Elizabeth (Doc) MacKay of the——— Orphan Asylum, read the following social item:

“Miss M. Floyd Stephens is arriving in the city Saturday morning en route to Edmonton.”

The next morning she hurried through the station looking for the tall silver-haired teacher of her Riverbend School days. Seeing Miss Floyd Stephens in the distance, she hurried up to her.

Soon the conversation turned to Miss Floyd Stephen's first Riverbend class, the Grade X. of 1934.

“And what has happend to all your classmates, Betty?”

“Well briefly—

“Aldy has married an Englishman, Lord Percival Perkins and has a small son, Willy. She is living in England.

“I suppose you know that one of the leading Hollywood stars, Francesca Tone, is really Monica Cave.

“Fernie is on the stage too, starring in musical comedies.

“Katie married a multi-millionaire but she is now a gay young divorcee.

“Willa is as good as ever at languages. She has high hopes of becoming a foreign secretary.

“Hutchie is in charge of a United Church mission in China and is doing excellent work converting heathens.

“Micurdy is now the proud possessor of a husband, one of the sweetest little bungalows you ever saw, and, last but not least, twins who are just learning to walk.

“You've probably heard Nancy announcing over the radio, she has replaced Foster Hewitt on the General Motors Hockey Broadcast.

“Wally has fulfilled her age-old ambition to be a grammar teacher. She is on the Riverbend staff now. And that's everybody, isn't it?”

“But you haven't told me anything about yourself yet, Betty.”

“There isn't much to tell. I've been working in an orphan asylum ever since I graduated in nursing.”

“Well,” ejaculated Miss Floyd Stephens, “I certainly never could have guessed ten years ago what those girls would be doing now!”

A GRADE NINE ACROSTIC

In Riverbend Grade Nine of '33 and '34

Nine 'teen-age girls there are, of whom you should know more

Remember always though, that what they are is due
In large degree to those from whom their minds imbue
Virtues good and learning. Miss Foster, and, in truth
Each and every member of the staff forsooth
Royal tribute and sincere, from us all deserve
Both for devotion and for patience with our nerve.
E're passing on and for you writing of ourselves,
Nothing gives greater satisfaction to us elves,
Dear friends, than to mention that our form mistress is Miss
Beatrice Wilson. Now then,

Gwen, tall, curvy, charming, a sweet girl for your dreams
Religiously reads all the movie magazines
Antidote for science, levers and machines.
Dossie, slender, winsome, with dark and curly hair,
Excels in "Twelfth Night" as an amateur player.

Next there's Maurine, whose home is in Saskatchewan
Industrious, nice, and a pianist of distinction.
Note also Edna, attractive, jolly and hearty.
Entertained us all at a tally-ho party.

On Betty, class president, with all a favorite
Fortune has lavished good qualities in surfeit.

3 more and your poet remain to be painted
3 more and your poet and then we're acquainted.

All eyes then on Shirley, the girl with the fine smile
Nearly every game she can play in grand style.
Dwell two on Ruth and June both very worth while

4 particulars of your poet, "Come up and see me sometime!"

—Eleanor MacInnes.

CLASS EVENTS



WE ARE SEVEN

Seven loyal Eighth-Graders
Full of fancy tricks,
Winnifred laughed in Glee Club,
Then there were six.
Six loyal Eighth-Graders
Very much alive,
Vivian lost her Latin book,
Then there were five.
Five loyal Eighth-Graders
Standing near the door,
Morna broke the window glass
Then there were four.
Four loyal Eighth-Graders
Climbing up a tree,
Lydia saw an inch worm,
Then there were three.
Three loyal Eighth-Graders
With nothing much to do,
Pat was sent to wash her face,
Then there were two.
Two loyal Eighth-Graders
Trying to make a pun,
Betty made a sad mistake,
Then there was one.
One loyal Eighth-Grader
Knitting in the sun,
Agnes went a-wool gathering,
Then there was none.

AFTER 4.30 P.M. IN THE GRADE VII. ROOM

"Well," said one desk to another, one evening, "How peaceful and quiet it is, now that all the girls have left us for a while."

"Yes," answered another desk, "it is peaceful, but I shall be glad to see them back again tomorrow, it is certainly interesting to watch them all, and see their various doings each day during the school year."

"Do you remember the time when the girls did the Alice in Wonderland play?" asked one desk.

"Yes, I remember seeing queer-looking people, who were characters of the play, hurrying here and there," answered the blackboard.

"The girl who sits in me was Alice in the play, but her real name is Louise," said a desk in the front row.

Another desk remarked that it was filled with pretty drawings of girls which were drawn by its owner, Julia.

The desk by the back door said very proudly, "Iris, who is the games captain, owns me."

"Poof! that's nothing," said a desk in the centre of the room, "My owner is Caroline who is the class representative."

The desk behind it said, "My owner groans at the first period on Monday morning. I wonder why?"

"The reason that Mary Rose groans," explained the blackboard, "is because the first period is Grammar."

"My, I am uncomfortable," said another desk.

"Why?" asked a desk in the front row whose owner was Marjorie.

"I am so full of samples which Pat is collecting."

"Her twin, Peggy, collects samples too," sighed the desk in the opposite corner.

Another desk in the front row said, "My owner Margaret, is very kind to me but her legs are so long that she doesn't fit me."

A desk near the side blackboard said, "I belong to Phyllis, who always disturbs me by talking when I want to take a nap."

A desk near the window said, "My owner's very nice, what I see of her, but she is always late for classes and when she gets there I am almost pulled to pieces by her search for the right book. You know her, Louie."

The bell rang and the desks' voices were drowned out by the voices of the girls of whom they had been talking.

LIBRARY CLUB

Grades V. and VI. have Library Club meetings every Friday at four o'clock. We have just finished a very exciting story called "The Children of the New Forest."

We all settle ourselves comfortably in arm chairs. We sometimes quarrel over a blue arm chair which is very comfortable. Some of us sit in front of the fireplace. We spend half an hour every week in this cosy room. It is one of my favorite periods.

—Barbara South,
Grade V.

THE JUNIOR HUMANE SOCIETY

This spring a new club made its appearance at Riverbend, in the Junior Humane Society. It has been started in the public schools in Winnipeg and this year it has been started here in Grades Two to Eight.

At our first meeting, held May 4th, we voted for officers. Those elected were Morna Kenny, President, Iris Norman, Secretary, Mary Harris, Vice-President and Winnifred Ruth MacIntyre, Treasurer.

The aim of the Society is to teach the girls appreciation for animals. A Poster Competition is being held, the winners of which will receive marks for their houses, but owing to the fact that the club has started so recently, there has not been much time for other activities.

We know that after its enthusiastic beginning, the club will be a success.

—Agnes Richardson,
Grade VIII.



KINDERGARTEN

Puff! Puff! Up the grade of learning comes the merry, clattering Kindergarten train, carefully piloted by the engineer, Mrs. Campbell.

Now for the passengers—fair haired, bonny Bill Guy, blue eyed John and his wee sister, curly haired Danny and Marilyn, roguish but loving Giovana and Donald and then the old reliables, Marianne, Mary Elizabeth, Sherry, Eleanor and Elspeth and lastly, Molly, who is the late comer.

What is in the baggage car—rosy cheeked harvest apples, Hallowe'en cats, Christmas cards, valentines, shamrocks, etc.—a whole year's work.

Now our journey is nearly ended and we can all look back on the many happy hours we have spent together.

NATURE STUDY



OUR BIRDS

When spring comes, with it arrives many of our feathered friends who have spent the long winter in various countries. Among the first arrivals that are attracted to Riverbend's beautiful grounds are the robin, the flicker and the junco.

Then a little later we find the oriole, a blaze of color, and sometimes if we are fortunate, we might catch a glimpse of the scarlet tanager. Around the latter part of May, we may distinguish during the day, the songs of the brown thrasher, cat bird, rose-breasted grosbeak, and all the numerous summer warblers.

Very often, the tiny humming bird is attracted to our bushes of lilacs and other flowers.

The road towards the Lower Fort Garry which follows the Red River, gives glimpses of numbers of water birds such as the cormorants, many varieties of ducks, gulls and flocks of geese which are all on their journey north. Beside swamps, which are also passed on the road, we often see the red-winged blackbird and its lively relation, the yellow headed blackbird.

On reaching the Lower Fort, many more opportunities to find birds nesting in several places reveal themselves. One time, my friend and I found a phoebe's nest on a rafter of an old building; in it were four eggs which hatched later on in the summer. She nests there every year.

Our summer is short in Manitoba, and this year, spring is very late, which means also that the birds are two weeks later in arriving. But in spite of the weather, it is said that we have a much larger show of bird life than many places.

—Ruth Wood,
Grade IX.

LIFE HISTORY OF A BEAR

There is a big black bear out at the park who has a brown muzzle; this year she has two young cubs who are both black like herself. If these cubs were wild, they would go around with their mother and she would teach them how to live.

After that she would chase them away to live as best they could by themselves. They would make their home in rocks and would hunt for ants and other such insects found in rotten trees. They like berries very much and fishing is a delightful way in which they spend many hours.

Bears look very clumsy but there is nothing swifter than their big paws and when the bears get angry they become very unpleasant.

In the fall the cubs which would be full grown, would grow very fat. As winter sets in the female would find a cave for herself. In this she would sleep all winter, feeding on the fat stored in her body. Very early in the spring when she wakes up, her cubs would be born. These cubs, until five weeks old, would be blind and would have no hair.

—Morna Kenny,
Grade VIII.

THE FLOWERS OF THE YEAR

Daffodils are the first plants of the year that are started in the house. The little bulbs are peeled and planted in large flower pots and put into a dark room where they are left until the little green sprouts appear. They are then taken to the light where the buds form and bloom.

In the early spring, as soon as the snow leaves the ground, crocuses and scilla appear. The scilla when planted, are tiny bulbs, whose roots reach down into the earth; they are cultivated flowers, but the crocus grows wild in the country. Both the scilla and crocuses have their leaves growing right from the bulb. The crocus is mauve and the scilla is blue.

In May, the annuals are planted in long flats and put in the green house. In about a week the boxes are green with tiny plants like weeds. They are then transplanted into other boxes much farther apart and they grow up very well. At the end of May, they are again transplanted into the garden beds and by the middle of July, stocks, petunias, antirrhinum, salvias, and many others are blooming.

Gladiola bulbs are planted in the middle of May and two or three weeks later, they are all up and some are ready to bloom. They are often put into flower shows and they make a very beautiful show. Delphinium is another very lovely flower which starts to sprout in the early spring. It is of several colors with black and yellow and white centres. It is a very tall plant. It is found in white; pale, medium and dark blue and also light and dark purple.

Chrysanthemums are the most important winter flowers and the show of them at the City Park is one of Winnipeg's sights. They take a long time to grow and are planted very early in the year. The range of color goes from yellow and white to pale mauve. The yellow and white spray mums are very beautiful and grow to quite a height. There are bronze and red ones and many lovely shades. The flowers start to bloom about Christmas and continue for two or three weeks.

—Pat Murray,
Grade VII.

YORK HALL



We held our first meeting on Friday, November the third, at which we elected a committee of representatives—President, Mary Cowan; Secretary, Marian McCurdy; Sports Captain, Inas Helen George. The leaders of our house are Miss Erith, Miss Mews and Miss Cull.

To start things off with a bang, the three houses had a joint party which was followed by the swimming meet at the Y.W.C.A. Our house was identified by our shield, made by June Edmison, and by our house yells.

The younger members of the house engaged in an indoor track meet. We also competed against the other houses in basketball. Our team did their best but we lost all our games. Our sports captain won the singles in the badminton tournament and, with Mary Cowan as her partner, the doubles also.

Our name was taken from Fort York, one of the most important forts of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was founded in 1671 by Jean Groselliers. It is situated on the north bank of the Hayes river, three miles inland from Hudson's Bay. It also has been called Fort Bourbon, Nelson and Yorick. During the French and English wars (1682-1697) it changed hands five times. It was finally recaptured by the English in 1714. It then became the principal post of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Everyone coming to Canada for the Hudson's Bay Company landed at Fort York, and all the apprentices learned their trade there. Sometimes there were from one thousand to fifteen hundred men at the fort. Then the railroad came and its importance declined. It is now nearly empty, although it was still a post surrounded by a high stockade until 1916, when part of it was torn down for firewood. It occupies six acres. Many buildings are still standing and the guns and flagstaffs are still there. The colors green and gold were used unofficially. The official colors were the red, white and blue of the British flag. The Governor's flag was always white. The motto is *Pro Pelle Cutem*—A skin for a skin; in other words, fair dealing.

This information was obtained for us by Lydia Klein.

Our chief activity was the holding of a candy sale in aid of the magazine at the end of the Easter Term.

—Roberta Yates and Ferne Cairns.

THOMAS A. EDISON

We may sit at home bathed in colored lights and listen to gifted voices and music. Or we may project animated figures on a screen and hear their voices from a horn. Or a bell rings and on answering it we may hear a voice from another continent.

All of these conveniences within arm's reach in the modern home bear the stamp of one man's brain—Thomas Alva Edison. This man ranks with

the five men whose lives have most influenced the career of the human race. In spite of the fabulous fortune he had created from his great inventions, he still remained humble.

Edison was born at Milan, Ohio, on February 11th, 1847, the son of Samuel Edison, a mechanic. His close observance led him to ask many questions. He listened very solemnly to the answers and then proceeded to investigate matters for himself. His boyhood escapades are still recounted by the citizens of Milan. Once he was almost smothered beneath a pile of wheat. Another time a playmate aiming an axe at a skate strap, cut the tip of Thomas' finger and at yet another instance, the inquisitive youngster set fire to a barn and for this offence he received a public whipping.

When his family moved to Port Huron, Michigan, Thomas attended school for three months. This constituted all the formal education he ever received.

Young Edison made the cellar his first laboratory and labelled all his chemical bottles "poison" to keep others from tampering with them. Later, when he had succeeded in obtaining a news concession on the Grand Trunk Railway, he was allowed to have a baggage car compartment for his laboratory. In the same place he set up a printing press and published the "Weekly Herald," sold at three cents a copy, with a circulation of four hundred copies a week. The work flourished until one day the car lurched and caused a stick of phosphorous to ignite and set fire to the car. The conductor cuffed his ears and threw the youthful inventor off the train. From this cuffing Edison became deaf.

From news vending Edison drifted into telegraphy and secured a position as telegraph operator at Port Huron and later in Canada on the Grand Trunk Railway. He was excellently adapted to this capacity. While in this position his mind first began to bear on practical problems. Armies of cockroaches sallied forth as soon as the "ops" had eaten lunch. How to exterminate these pests? On the wall beside his table, Edison fastened two strips of tinfoil—one strip was connected with the positive pole and the other with the negative. When a cockroach crossed the dead limit it electrocuted itself. He also invented a rat paralyzer.

It was in 1868 that he really began his career as an inventor when his first patented invention was an electrical vote recorder. In 1869 he invented and patented the stock ticker. Edison controlled many patents, in fact, about one thousand, five hundred. His greatest achievements number about fifteen, one of which has been mentioned—the vote recorder. The other fourteen are given briefly as follows:

In 1872 Edison completed inventions concerning improvements of the telegraph systems; in 1895 he discovered "Etheric Force," the foundation of radio; 1876 he perfected the telephone by the invention of the carbon transmitter; 1877 he invented the phonograph; in 1879 he invented the incandescent electric lamp and made radical improvements in dynamos; 1882 he invented and installed the first life sized electric railway and com-

menced operation of the first station for the distribution of electric light, power and heat in New York; in 1883 he discovered the principle of the radio tube; 1884 he invented a system of wireless telegraphy to and from moving trains; in 1900 he invented the alkaline storage battery; 1905 he improved a device relating to the production of Portland cement; 1912 he introduced the talking motion picture which had been foreshadowed by him in 1887; in 1923 he spent his time investigating rubber growing and in 1903 patented a process for extracting rubber from goldenrod but it was too expensive for commercial purposes.

Thomas Alva Edison died in the early morning of October 18, 1931, in his eighty-fifth year. With his death one of the world's greatest benefactors left us. What he had done for humanity cannot be easily calculated. But some idea of what the world would be without his inventions, can be gathered by living for a while without the use of electric lights and telephones.

—Mary Cowan,
Grade XI.

“OWED” TO MUD

What is it makes the drivers cuss?
What makes the pedestrian stew and fuss?
What is it makes an awful muss?
Manitoba Mud!

What is it that makes us take a walk
When we'd much rather play or talk?
(Round Armstrong's Point we have to stalk!)
Manitoba Mud!

When winter's chill has gone away
And o'er the grounds we'd like to stray,
What is it that spoils all our play?
Manitoba Mud!

But it is really not our foe
For with the sunshine's gentle glow,
What is it makes the flowers grow?
Manitoba Mud!

—Lydia Klein,
Grade VIII.

A DREAM

Would you like me to tell you about a beautiful dream I had last night? Very well, I will.

I went to bed last night, feeling very cold. Outside my window the snow was flurrying and blowing across the yard, and coming up in little banks around the window. I could hear the cold, cutting wind, shrieking around the corner of the house. "This is a terrible night," I said to my bed post. I like winter, but—these blizzards——!" Shivering, I undressed quickly, or, as some people who watched me said, dressed, for I had on my bed socks, kimona, a big blanket over all that, a hot water bottle in one hand and extra covers in the other. Once settled in bed, with only a little strand of hair sticking out from under the covers (I must have my fresh air) I was soon asleep.

In a few moments it seemed, I was walking along the wintry streets, hugging myself to keep warm, when I heard a man say, "Yes, spring is just around the corner," and I determined to find which corner spring was concealed behind. Hurrying up to the first corner I saw, I peeked around it, but to my disappointment, spring was not there, but only icicles and snow banks. Ah! there was another corner ahead. Maybe spring would be there! Again I peeked around and was greeted this time by a little ray of sunshine. "This doesn't look half bad," I thought. "I guess I will explore this street and search for spring." The sun was glaring now, and melting the icicles that were hanging from the eaves. The snow seemed to be getting softer and wetter and soon I was walking in little puddles of water. After I had walked quite a distance, I became tired, and seeing a nice, big, old tree near by, I leaned up against it. Then from above, I heard a soft popping noise, as if something was breaking, and, looking up, I saw little buds on the trees, just breaking open into little leaves and flowers. As I loved the trees, I wanted to find more, and see them put on their new green dresses. "Just the thing," I said aloud, "I'll go to the country."

In less than a minute, I found myself in the middle of a large field on which nearly all the snow was melted and running down in little rivers to a lake. Then this would run down further to another lake. I followed one little stream as it trickled over the little pieces of ice that had been hidden from the sun, and watched it grow larger and clearer. I don't know how long I followed that little river, but soon I heard a big roaring, booming sound, and looking around, I saw a big river, rushing toward the sea, with flat blocks of ice floating on it, and crashing against one another, and there was my little river, which I had followed and watched so eagerly, slipping into the big river. Then I next found myself in a wood, and I could hear plenty of little popping noises that the tree buds were making, and soon all above my head was a vast dome of bright green. And there was another noise too, a soft chirrup which seemed to be far away but was coming closer, and soon, in front of me was a dear little robin, cheeping shyly at me at first, as I approached, and cocking his little head at me, as if to say, "Don't look so surprised! Don't you know its spring?" Then he shook his little wings and was gone. Under a shrub, I found a strange kind of animal—no, it was not strange, but there was something different about it.

Why! It was a bunny rabbit, with a new coat, a brown coat. Something was pushing under my feet as I stood there. Thinking that perhaps I had trodden on a little animal, I stepped aside, and something with a delicate mauve shade pushed its head up. A crocus! The first of our flowers to come in the spring, and as I looked down, the ground about it seemed to change from its brownish grey color and was becoming a beautiful green with other little flowers peeping through. I felt happy, and strong and *new!* I took a deep breath of air, not cold, frosty air that nipped at me, but a soft, warm, fresh air that filled my whole being with the desire to stay in that one beautiful spot and drink in this invigorating air. Giving myself a little shake to see if I was still living, I realized that I musn't linger there too long, and so with the voices of the frogs, softly singing in my ears, I walked slowly away from the warm sunshine, loth to leave the little flowers and birds, till night fell with a light breath of wind, a sigh which kissed my cheek while the flowers nodded to me in farewell.

Do all beautiful things have to come to an end? I thought so when I awoke in the morning to find that old man winter was still with me. But when once outside, I could almost believe that the air was warmer, and that perhaps the snow was a tiny bit softer than yesterday, and I comforted myself with the thought that spring would soon be here and bring all the delightful things I had dreamed of.

—Ferne Cairns,
Grade X.

WILL SPRING EVER COME AGAIN?

As I sit here and watch the snow
And hear the whistling winds that blow,
I wonder if spring will return again
With flowers brought out by sun and rain.

The wonderful hopes we had for spring
With budding branches and birds that sing,
Are vanishing into a blanket of snow
Covering the earth from top to toe.

The river began to break and flow
And grass and trees began to grow,
Our hopes were high and our spirits gay
For spring, we thought, was on its way.

But now the days are dark and gray
And our hearts are turned a different way.
So I wish that spring on its way would come
That we might begin our outdoor fun.

—Maurine Stuart,
Grade IX.

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN!

"Summer is a-coming in," magic words. The news is spread by birds and bees. The trees and flowers and grass are bursting into bloom. Everybody is carefree and gay, little children are skipping and playing marbles, dogs and cats are dozing lazily in the sun. Plans are being made by one and all for summer vacations. Some to the beach, some to the mountains, others to camp and all over the place.

Mr. Robin has heard the message and thinks it high time to find a mate. He struts up and down the backyard fence, sounding his cheery call. Soon Miss Robin hears the call and comes to him. They become Mr. and Mrs. Robin and, as all their other friends are doing, begin to build a nest in the old apple tree. Mrs. Robin is delighted with some string she has found, and Mr. Robin has discovered some lovely bits of straw which were at some time or other in a broom. The nest is soon begun and before very long is completed with four blue eggs of which Mr. and Mrs. Robin are very proud. Mrs. Robin sits on those eggs nearly all day, keeping them warm with her soft, feathery body. However, she does not mind much as her husband sings to her of the beautiful summer coming in, and she is able to smell the sweet perfume of the apple blossoms and gaze into the blue, blue sky. In time now there will be four very young mouths to feed, and Mr. and Mrs. Robin look forward greatly to the time when they will be able to say to other bird friends, "Chirrup, chirrup, see our clever babies!"

—Betty Moxon,
Grade IX.

THE OTHER SIDE OF CLOSING DAY

We invariably choose the hottest day of the summer for closing day. You sit for hours on one of those hard benches, your back practically broken trying to sit up straight as you have been told to do. It is all very lovely for those who win prizes, but it is all very boring for those who have nothing to do but sit and applaud.

When you get up to sing, your dress positively sticks to the bench and you feel about as animated as a pricked balloon; in this condition you stagger up to the platform. (If you are a graduate, you trip over your long skirt on the top step.) Then Mrs. Dempsey does her best to make you feel peppy and smile cheerfully.

When it is finally all over, you rush downstairs and into a dancing costume. You make a mess of an otherwise perfectly lovely dance and rush back into your white dress, pulling your stockings over all the grime and small twigs you have collected on the lawn. You are then ready to appear in the garden, seek out your admiring parents, smile sweetly at all Mother's friends, and if possible, procure something to eat to revive your spirits. As soon as possible, you persuade Mother that it is time you went home, and then, hurrah for the summer holidays! In three days you'll be writing final examinations.

—Janet Turnbull,
Grade XI.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE CUP OF BEANS AND MICROSCOPE BOX

Beans—"At last people are too occupied to bother with me and I'll have a bit of a rest."

Box—"You do seem relieved but what exactly do you mean?"

Beans—"I mean that now that Grade X. is writing exams and the teachers busy too, there is no one to finger and play with me. I don't know how many times I've been upset by the Grade X.'s; once all over the floor, and another time I was used as sort of shot for the nuisances to amuse themselves with. And other times when the teachers are teaching this class, they stand by our old friend the window and play with me, sometimes even throwing some of my children into the basket."

Box—"Oh! I say! that isn't so good is it? Well it'll be quite a little time before those pests will be touching either of us. But I'm so hurt because I *haven't* been touched for ages, I'm getting sick and tired of sitting here day in and day out. Once or twice the teacher has taken my inside out (the microscope) and been trying to use it but somehow it wasn't good enough for them to see what they wished, so they would go over to the laboratory and use that classy snob, Mr. New Microscope."

Beans—"Oh well, it's our turn now, it's a treat to see these girls slaving away and hear the scratch, scratch of the pens and see their deep concentration. We've had our day of work, now it is theirs."

Box—"Quite right, we'll enjoy it while we can, you never can tell whether we'll be here to see another time of examinations."

—Betty Mackay,
Grade X.

THE SAD TULIP

Once upon a time there was a beautiful garden. In this garden there were hollyhocks, snapdragons, pansies, and many other flowers, besides some tulips. Now one little tulip was very sad. It was because he was the smallest, and all the rest laughed at him. When it grew cold and winter came, the sad tulip was very glad and it was soon in its home under the earth. One day he saw a big leaf roll down through his door. Then the leaf jumped up. The sad little tulip was now very glad and asked the little leaf to stay till summer, which it did. At last spring came, and the tulip and the leaf went out of the house. The next day, though, the leaf had grown quite tall, and the little tulip looked happily up at it.

—Joan Harris,
Grade III.

A STREAM

Under the deep, blue sky
A stream runs bright and clear.
For every passer by,
It has a word of cheer.

Merrily it rolls along
In the evening glow;
Listen to its lovely song
When past the stream you go.

—Joan Sanderson,
Grade V.

THE STREAM

The stream was rushing down the rocks.
The laughing, dancing stream.
Until into the sea he dropped,
Then all the laughing, dancing stopped.

—Margaret Winstanley,
Grade IV.

SPARROW

Once when I came home from school, there was a sparrow in the house. It flew all around. It sat on my chair and looked at my soup. We shut all the doors except the front one, but we could not get him out. He flew against the window. We thought he was hurt but he was able to fly outside.

—Joan Francis,
Grade III.

THE MAKING OF A SNOW FORT

One day Ralph and I were making a tunnel. At the end of it there was going to be a little cave in a big pile of snow. It was dug out and I was inside it. I wanted to make it wider, so I just gave it a great big push with my foot. All of a sudden I felt a lot of snow. It was very heavy and I was nearly smothered. I called to Ralph to get the snow off my head but he dug in the wrong place. I gave one big turn and scrambled out, all over snow.

—Margaret Jean Daly,
Grade IV.

WHEN DOGS AND CATS RULED THE WORLD

This imaginative tale opens in the year of 9000 B.C. There was an island in the Mediterranean Sea, called Bow Wow Land. The king of this island was called King Bow Wow, his wife, the queen, had the soft name of Queen Kitty Kat.

The king was a fat round gentleman with a stubby tail, appealing eyes, white teeth, and a mouth large enough to swallow two bones at a time. He had a little beard of which he was very proud. Every morning he would brush it till the queen thought it would wear out.

The queen was a very graceful lady with shiny green eyes, long whiskers, a very soft coat, and a tail that was always up in the air.

His Majesty, King Bow Wow, and Her Royal Highness, Queen Kitty Kat, lived in a very beautiful palace. In the distance, King Bow Wow could hear the breakers roar. This pleased him very much for he loved to go swimming every morning in the sea.

One day, bad news arrived. A messenger came from King Wagtail, of Wagtail Land (a nearby island) to give a message to King Bow Wow. The message read as follows:—

Dear King Bow Wow,

One of my messengers, who was out fishing the other day, was lost in a great fog. When the sun came out again, my messenger found himself beside a new land, that no one had ever seen before. My messenger saw very queer and strange creatures, with two legs, a head and two arms. My messenger said there must have been millions of these strange creatures. I want to know whether you will help me to make up an army to drive these creatures away.

Yours sincerely,

King Wagtail of Wagtail Island.

The king sent back a message saying that he would help to gather an army.

Two weeks later, you would have seen twenty vessels sailing off from the shores.

When they arrived at the new land, they were shown immediately to the king who was called King Biswod. The soldier dogs all had great big bones slung over their shoulder. The king said, "So far you have ruled the world but now we have come, and you must give up your power." They both sadly thought this over for a time, and then said, "Yes, we must give up our power and we will let you rule the world, but we have decided that we must have back our own islands."

Eight weeks later, twenty ships sailed back to Bow Wow Island and Wagtail Land.

Maybe King Bow Wow and Queen Kitty Kat and King Wagtail are still living in two undiscovered islands of the Mediterranean Sea. Let us hope that some day they will be discovered.

—Maria Kipp,
Grade VI.

MR. AND MRS. SILAS SHOE

In a place called a pound, in a place called Riverbend school, reposed two shoes. They were oxfords and they were married.

Mrs. Shoe was angry. "Look what you've done, got us in jail; and you're the brilliant, handsome Silas Shoe! My, oh my! What a fool I was not to marry the distinguished Percival Pump! Why, I would have lived in a palace. Keep quiet, you imbecile, while I give you a talking to!"

"B-but my dear," said Mr. Shoe, and got no farther, for Mrs. Shoe was at him again.

"You're nothing but a bedroom slipper," raged Mrs. Shoe.

"Quite true!" roared all the occupants of the pound. "Keep quiet!"

After a while, Mrs. Shoe looked around, "Silas-s-s!" she trilled in a high soprano.

"Z-z-z-z-snore."

"Oh, you brute! You brute! Why, you're made of the cheapest leather that ever was!" she screamed

"My itsy, bitsy shoesy, keep quiet, because you're disturbing everybody," entreated Silas."

"Disturbing!" shrieked Mrs. Shoe, getting purple in the face. "You talk, you worm! Just wait till we get home; why I'll tear your tongue out."

Silence fell, and the occupants of the pound were deep in sleep. Came the dawn. Mrs. Shoe woke up in a bad temper.

"Silas?"

Silence.

"Silas-s-s-s."

"Z-z-z-z-snore."

"Beast!" Brute!" Wake up, I say!"

Mr. Shoe woke up with a gleam of murder in his eyes. "Now listen here, I've had just about enough of this, you noisy piece of rubber."

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" I'm insulted. I'll get a divorce. I'll commit suicide. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"Z-z-z-z-snore."

In the morning the pound was opened and the shoes were taken out.

"Good riddance!" said a boot.

"To bad rubbish!" replied a pen.

—Julia Dale,
Grade VIII.

GARRY HALL

The House system was introduced into Riverbend about the middle of October and at our first meeting, Patty Collard was elected House Captain, Kay Hall, Secretary and Ruth Baldry, Sports Captain. The teachers in Garry Hall are Miss Wilson, Miss White and Miss Vaux. At the end of the second term we found it necessary to elect a new captain and Ariel Anderson was elected to the office. The Hall decided as a Xmas project, to give a hamper to a family in need in the city. The hamper was gratefully accepted.

It was decided that there should be inter-house basketball and badminton games. Our house entered with much enthusiasm. For the swimming meet a shield was made by Isobel Hutchinson, in the colors of Garry Hall, which are red and white.

We are proud of Marjorie Kelm and Isobel Hutchinson, who were successful in their respective classes in the Manitoba Musical Festival.

The Magazine Committee are in need of funds, so at a later date, we are going to have a garden party at which all houses will take part.

To close the first year of Garry Hall, we intend to have a picnic.

—Ruth Baldry and Shiela Paget.

FORT GARRY

Fort Garry was built as a Hudson's Bay Fort, near the site of several former forts, at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. The first Fort Garry was named on April 18, 1882, after Nicholas Garry, one of the directors of the Company in London. The fort was rebuilt several times. In 1835, Upper Fort Garry, or the Store Fort, was built, a substantial structure, with solid stone walls and four large bastions. In 1850 it was enlarged and a new gateway was erected. In 1882 the fort was demolished except for the gateway, and the land was sold to the City of Winnipeg. In 1897, the gateway, which still stands, was presented to Winnipeg by the Hudson's Bay Company. In its grand days, Fort Garry was the centre of fur trading, settling, the buffalo hunt, and all those activities of pioneer times, even as its successor, Winnipeg, is the western metropolis of today.

—M. Aline Harvey.

THE LAST GUEST

A few days ago, Jerry and his nurse Dorothy, had been out on their usual afternoon walk. It had proved to be one of those days that are not very cold but just cloudy and dull. The young man walking beside Dorothy was generally full of many silly questions or foolish comments, but this

afternoon he had said little, in fact almost nothing, evidently something was on his mind. Dorothy knew that his thoughts were bound to free themselves and that it would not be very long before some question would arise. She did not have to wait much longer, for soon he spoke.

"Dorthy," he said, for he had not yet learned to pronounce all the syllables of his nurse's name, "why is the sparrow the only bird that stays here for the winter?"

Now it so happend that Dorothy had heard and read many stories explaining, Indian fashion, these difficult questions which are bound to arise about nature. "Well, if you're a good boy while you're outside," she answered, "I'll tell you a story about the birds after you have finished your tea."

The clock in the nursery had just struck half past five and Jerry slid away from his meal table over to the grate fire where the logs were crackling continuously from the great heat which the leaping flames were creating.

"Now Dorthy, will you tell me the story," he coaxed, "you know you promised to."

I happened to be in the room at the time and "Dorthy's" story ran something like this.

"A long, long, time ago, when Glooskap, the great magician, ruled in this country, he was king, not only of all the people, but of all the animals as well, the fish and the bears and the birds and any other animal that lived on the continent. But with all Glooskap's magic, he had had a very hard time, a few years ago, battling with Giant Winter, for the latter had come to the land bringing with him his helpers of Death and Famine and had put as much of this world to sleep as he possibly could with the aid of another of his assistants, in fact two others, for with Snow, Frost is bound to come. Then one of Glooskap's animal friends told him of a very lovely maiden, who was the only one in the world, who had power over Giant Winter and that was Queen Summer. So Glooskap journeyed to her country and appeared before her court to plead with her to visit his country. After a while she consented, and escorted by Glooskap and certain members of her court, including Happiness, Beauty and many others and also a large number of birds, for she was very fond of them and they of her. When she reached Glooskap's country, she met with Giant Winter and formed a treaty with him, which allowed him to rule in the country for six continuous months of the year, the other six, she was to rule.

"And now the last day of Summer's rule was almost over. Glooskap, knowing how she loved the birds, had called all the birds in his kingdom to come and feast with her that night. After the feast they were to accompany her on her journey back to the south land.

"As the sun was just going down behind the hills, the birds began to flock to the palace of the magician. Soon the whole palace was one large mass of color, feathers that vied with every color in the rainbow. And so the feast began, and after that a large concert was held and all the different birds took part, some of them formed into small ensembles, others into large choruses, and at the end, two or three of the best singers gave solos. Then as it began to darken and with darkness get colder, Queen Summer

realized that it was time that she was leaving, so rising from her temporary throne, she thanked her host and then bid the birds follow her to the great south land.

“But Master Sparrow took no heed of her bidding and went on eating, for he was rather a greedy little bird. But it was not long until he found that it had got too dark to see what was spread on the table, so he left it, thinking that now if he flew fast enough he would be able to catch up to the other birds and nobody would know the difference. But as he reached the outer court of the palace he heard faint notes of distress coming from the farthest corner. As he neared the corner he found that his friend, Master Chickadee, had met with an accident and was too badly hurt to be able to fly. He did what he could for the poor little bird, but that was not much; then he thought of the great magician, so he went back to the palace and begged to be presented to him. Glooskap received him warmly and listened carefully to all that Master Sparrow had to say. Then they decided to go back to the corner and get the Chickadee and bring it back to the palace.

“It was not much before midnight when they had finally done all they could for the Chickadee and for the first time since leaving the feast, Master Sparrow wondered how he could possibly catch up with the rest of the birds who had left so much earlier. But Glooskap must have known his thoughts for he said, ‘Master Sparrow you need have no fear, for I am going to ask you to stay with me at the palace and with Master Chickadee, and I will promise to take care of you through every winter.’

“So the Sparrow and the Chickadee stayed, the Sparrow because he had been willing to leave his friends and offer help to someone in need, and the Chickadee because he was not strong enough after his accident to fly the great distance to the south land.”

“And is that why the Sparrow and the Chickadee stay here for the winter?” asked Jerry who had been listening very intently with his face in his hands.

“Yes, that is the answer to your question,” Dorothy explained, “and now it is time for you to go to bed.”

—Isobel Hutchinson,
Grade X.

TUESDAY MORNING

’Tis minister day;
Great the curiosity—who can he be?
We watch from the window, his face to see.
A car rounds the driveway, and then it halts,
He steps out—alas! That bush has its faults
On minister day.

'Tis minister day;
The second bell goes, we straighten our hair,
Grade IX. has gone up, "oh dear, we must tear,"
We stand in the rows, though we long to turn
As steps come closer, our curiosities burn
On minister day.

'Tis minister day;
At last they are near us, now we can see
Miss Foster and minister, "oh my, oh me!"
A whisper—"who is he?" The answer—"Oh, he's ours!"
A prefect overhears and the culprit cowers,
On minister day.

—Kay Hall,
Grade X.

COLD WEATHER

I can never understand the working of the mind which greets you brightly on a 40 below morning, when everything is simply frozen into stillness with, "Isn't this a beautiful morning? Invigorating." It passes briskly, leaving you wearing a forced smile because your teeth are chattering and your hands are cold.

I had been planning a brilliant dissertation on the advantages and the disadvantages of cold weather, but the former so far outnumbered the latter (theoretically) that I lost heart. There is so much about hard, grey weather, making hard (grey) Englishmen.

The first thing to do of course, when the kindergarten begins to sing joyfully, "Hurrah for the jolly old winter!" is to go down and look up your last year's woollies. You will probably find them in holes, but this is only to be expected. Did you know that they have discovered a new kind of moth called the golf moth? It does eighteen holes a day. (This is not original.)

Having satisfied yourself that you can't wear your last year's woollies, it is always a good plan to see about the old winter coat. I think I might almost enjoy winter if I could have a new coat every year. But this is not always possible. In fact, it is usually impossible. You will no doubt find your coat in perfect condition, so it is just as well to make the best of things.

To keep up your acquired summer slimness, you should begin strenuous exercise at this time. Resolve to embark on a vigorous program and to follow it rigorously. Start the day with a snappy cold shower, the colder the better. Drink two glasses of water—more if possible. Touch the toes twenty times, and then go for a walk of at least fifteen minutes before breakfast. By this time it will be getting late in the morning, as it takes mental struggle to do all these things, but there is nothing like a

mad rush for the street car to get you thoroughly wakened. If you have managed to squeeze in a bit of breakfast, that will be a big help. But the main thing is to start energetically. Needless to say, one morning of this should be sufficient, probably too much.

For a winter tonic, we would suggest any good brand of cod liver oil. Above all, do not attempt to do more than one thing at once. Watch where you're walking, and if you must have one ear out in the cold to keep up appearances, take turns with ears; otherwies you will be apt to get a lop-sided head contour.

—M. Aline Harvey,
Grad XI.

SPRING

In an early day in May
When we hear that it is spring,
In an early day in May
When the sun comes out to play;
Then we're gladdened at its ray,
For our hearts with joy do sing
In an early day in May
When we hear that it is spring.

—Katherine Walton,
Grade X.

THE LITTLE BROWN DOG

The night was drawing on, and Jean was still wandering in the forest. She had left her home early in the morning to gather nuts for her mother. It had been a beautiful morning, but now the dark clouds hung over the trees. The snowflakes had started to come down even though it was an early October night. Jean began to feel cold, and hurried her steps toward her home. The flakes were now coming down quickly and soon all the ground was almost covered with snow. It was getting dark and she could no longer find her way.

After her first few steps, she paused, because the snow blinded her. Being able to go no farther, she cleared away a patch of snow, lay down at the foot of a tree, pulling the leaves over her, intending to go to sleep.

Just then a shadow stole past her, she turned sharply and saw a figure gliding into the wood. She jumped up and started to follow it. After running quickly in pursuit of the mysterious figure, tracking it by the footprints that were already half filled with drifted snow, she came close enough to see that it was someone carrying a deer on his back. When she crept up along side of the figure, she realized that it was an Indian who

apparently had returned from a hunt. Jean, when her courage was gathered, showed herself to the astonished Indian, who was still walking rapidly. He stopped for a moment and beckoned to Jean to follow him. They walked for some time and it seemed to her that she was getting farther and farther from home. The silent Indian still walked rapidly, with Jean just behind him half running to keep up the pace.

The snow was ceasing more now and Jean could see smoke ahead, and now a large group of tents and bright torches. She realized that she must be near an Indian camp.

The Indian still led the way, past several tents and there he stopped, right in front of a large blue tent. Here he put Jean in charge of a kindly, old squaw, who could speak a little English.

On the hard ground were all kinds of fur skins and rugs that were used to sleep on at night, and some as covers. In the daytime the squaw told her that they were folded into piles and used as seats. In the centre of the tent was the fire and at the top was a hole, through which the smoke went out. The men always ate first, and the squaws and children ate the scraps. Every meal was cooked over the fire by the squaws, who did all the work. There were three shy Indian children, who always clung to their mother and didn't speak a word. Jean was shown a pile of furs in which she was to lie down and sleep. She was very glad to get to sleep so she pulled the covers over her and dropped off.

In the meantime, her little brown spaniel, Patty, had been out hunting for her in hope of finding her.

Jean was awakened in the morning by a little tug, and a cool nose touched her hand. She sat up, and a bark of joy came from her spaniel. They left the camp fairly early after saying good-bye to their Indian friends.

Jean and Patty walked through the forest, Patty leading the way by smelling his own tracks. And so they made their way home, and were welcomed back by her parents, who thought some terrible disaster had befallen her.

—Betty Newcombe,
Grade VIII.

THREE LITTLE PIGS

The builder of hay was indiscreet
The wolf blew his house right down "toot sweet;"
A mat of "welcome" at his door,
This little piggy was no more.

The next little pig who built with sticks
Just laughed at the pig who was building with bricks;
The wolf soon blew the sticks all down,
And there was piggy in his night gown!

The third little piggy built on a mound,
And when one day the wolf came round
He blew and blew until night came
But the brick house stood up just the same.

He came down the chimney into the pot
But to his dismay, the water was hot
He gave a big jerk and started to rise
And when he stopped he was up in the skies ;
The wolf came down with a terrible crash
And said "Ne'er again will I be so rash!"

—Louise Phillipps,
Grade VII.

THE OCEAN

Beneath the dancing waves,
And above the sand-strewn floor,
The wrecks of ships are caves,
Beneath the dancing waves,
The seaweed swings and sways,
The darting fishes soar,
Beneath the dancing waves,
And above the sand-strewn floor.

—Katherine Hall,
Grade X.

PETER, MY CANARY

Of all the darling little birds,
Our Peter boy is best.
From early morn when he wakes up
He sings with such a zest.

His bath calls forth much fun and fuss,
He dips his beak and shakes his head
And when he dives and gets all wet—
The kitchen gets in such a muss.

Our Peter early goes to bed,
He swings on his perch ; tucks up his head
Under his fluffed out feather bright
Singing no more till next daylight.

—Catherine Bingeman,
Grade VI.

MY DOLLY

I have a little dolly
And the time we spend is jolly
I sleep with her every night
And all we do is hug each other tight.

—Eleanor South,
Grade II.

OUR DOG, SCOOTER

We have a dog named Scooter. He is a great fighter. One day he was fighting with a dog named Prince. Scooter jumped through a window of a store near by. Scooter cut his leg. When he came home he laid down to have his leg treated. About a week or two later he tried to fight a cow. He broke his jaw bone, so we had to shoot him. The poor dog!

—Mona Shirley Paget,
Grade IV.

WILLIE

Willie is two years old. He has curly hair. He always has such red lips. He is my best doll. He has blue eyes. He cost four dollars. I bought him at Eaton's. He has a dimple. He is like a real baby. He has long eyelashes and two little front teeth. He often goes to school with me and all the children say, "What is Willie going to learn to-day?"

—Daphne Stanley-Harris,
Grade III.

A TRUE MOUSE STORY

When I was on my summer vacation, we went to our cottage at Kenora. In my bedroom my bedspread has blue balls on it. Every night the balls kept disappearing. A mother mouse had taken them for her nest. She had put her babies in it. Can you imagine how cute her babies would look in a blue ball nest? It must have been very soft, don't you think so?

—Mary Lou Bell,
Grade IV.

A TRUE ROBIN'S STORY

Back of our house there was a robin's nest. It was in the trellis work. When we were walking by, we could look right in the nest. The grocery boy came by and frightened the mother bird away. The mother robin had four baby robins. That night Daddy took a sieve and cotton and put them over the nest to keep the baby robins alive. In the morning Daddy took the sieve and cotton off the nest. The mother robin was sitting on the nest. One baby robin had died during the night. The other three were quite safe. When the fall came, the mother robin flew away with her babies. They never came back again.

—Marjorie Khem,
Grade IV.

DOUGLAS HALL



The first meeting of Douglas Hall was held on Friday, November the 3rd, in the drawing room, under the leadership of Miss Floyd-Stephens, Miss Macdougall and Miss Gregory.

The election of officers resulted in the following appointments to office:

Marnie Austin—Head of House.

Willa Harvey—Secretary.

Jane Whyte—Sports Captain.

Representatives from each form room were elected to the House Council.

On December the 8th the school had an outdoor toboggan party, climaxed by a skit presented by Grade XI. and a refreshing lunch.

Shortly before the Christmas holidays, the members of the House brought foodstuffs, etc., to fill a Christmas hamper for a needy family. It was duly delivered by Marnie Austin and gratefully received.

At the Swimming Meet on February the 7th, Douglas Hall received the highest total of marks for races and diving.

Margaret Aldous prepared a short paper on Fort Douglas, tracing its history and giving various interesting facts concerning its origin.

At the Badminton Tournament, our House was not successful, but we had some contestants in the semi-finals.

We are very proud that all the winners of the magazine competitions were members of our House.

FORT DOUGLAS

At the beginning of the nineteenth century many peasants in the highlands of Scotland were put off their land by the landlords to make room for sheep runs. Something had to be done about these poor people and emigration seemed the best solution to the problem.

A young Scotch nobleman, Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk, was one of the foremost supporters of this plan. He secured a grant of one hundred and sixteen thousand square miles in the Red River Valley. His first settlers left the Hebridean port of Stornoway in eighteen eleven.

Fort Douglas was one of the forts built by these settlers. It was built in eighteen fifteen on the banks of the Red River at what is now the foot of Higgins Avenue near the Louise Bridge, in the City of Winnipeg.

The Nor'westers as the fur traders of the North West Company were called, were determined to drive these settlers from the plains, because they said they scared the animals and interfered with the fur trade. The terrible massacre of Seven Oaks took place on June the nineteenth, eighteen sixteen.

and on June the twenty-second the remaining colonists were forced to leave Fort Douglas.

The fort was occupied by the victorious Nor'westers until the next spring, when Lord Selkirk himself came to Red River and took possession of it. The refugees of the year before returned to their homes and under Selkirk the colony flourished once more.

In the summer Selkirk went back to Europe and on the eighth of April, eighteen twenty, he died in the south of France.

A great plague of grasshoppers destroyed the crops in the Red River Valley in eighteen eighteen and returned the next year. However, grain was brought from Mississippi at Selkirk's expense and since then there has never been a serious lack of seed on the Red River.

In eighteen twenty-one the North-West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company were united under the latter name. Since that time the City of Winnipeg has grown up at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers where once Selkirk's colonists struggled for their very existence.

—Margaret Aldous,
Grade X.

DREAMING

(Prize Winning Poem)

Among the fields of bluebells swaying
I lay just dreaming dreams ;
And all around were fairies playing,
Among the fields of bluebells swaying
So dainty and light in the sun's golden gleams,
A breath would blow them away it seems.
Among the fields of bluebells swaying
I lay just dreaming dreams ;
And heard the fairy voices saying.—
Among the fields of bluebells swaying,—
“Tonight when come the bright moonbeams,
We will drive our firefly teams,”
Among the fields of bluebells swaying,
I lay just dreaming dreams.

—Monica Cave,
Grade X.

“SCAMPER” LONG EARS BUT SHORT TAIL

(Prize Winning Story)

Scamper sat at the door of his burrow listening. He noticed a squirrel jumping from tree to tree gathering nuts. A fox also passed him. He looked at them closely but neither of them had long ears and both had long tails. That, he thought, was funny. He could never remember seeing any

other animal with long ears like his and a short tail; why did he have them? He was very curious and wanted to find the answer.

As all his friends were busy he decided he would have to wait, so he scampered off to look for food and play around.

Near the end of the day as the sun was setting in the west a breeze came along. Then Scamper had an idea; he would ask the breeze who was sure to know, having travelled all over the world. When he heard the breeze rustling the leaves in the tree above him he called to it, "Do you think, Breezie, that you could stop running over the country for a minute and talk to me?"

"I might just for a few moments," answered the breeze and slid down the tree.

"I only wanted to know if any other animal but myself had ears as long as mine."

"No, no one has," whispered the breeze.

"Do you know why my ears are so long and if so will you tell me?"

"I do know how you came to have long ears and a short tail," answered the breeze, "and I shall tell you the story if you like."

"Please do," said Scamper. "I have been wondering about it ever since I saw Reddy the Fox and Johnny Squirrel this morning."

The breeze then began the story of Scamper's long ears and short tail.

"Your ancestors had ears and tail just like a fox and squirrel many years ago, but one day one of them who was as curious as you are was wandering near a farm. He often came to this farm to get greens thrown out to him by a little girl who lived in the farm. That day as he neared it he saw the little girl. He noticed she had a blue pail into which she put her hands. He hoped it was something good to eat but decided he would have to wait until the little girl went away. She put her hands into the pail and pulled things out and hung them on the line. They were all colors but only the green ones looked appetizing. Then the child went into the chicken coop. This was the rabbit's chance to get what was in the pail. He ran forward and stood on his hind legs. He could not quite see in. He stretched higher. Still he could not see in. He put his front feet on the pail and pulled himself up. Just as he got on the rim he heard the girl coming out of the hen coop. He turned to see. Splash! It was water. It was too late then to worry, he was in the pail swimming among the doll's clothes. The girl had seen the little grey rabbit on the rim and she ran and picked it up. The bunny was drenched so she hung it up by the ears to dry. Just then her mother called that it was time for her to dress for tea so she left her clothes and the rabbit to dry and went into the house. She forgot about them till after tea and then when she went to look the rabbit had changed. His ears had stretched and were dreadfully long but his tail had shrunk till it was very small and hardly noticeable. She lifted him down and he scampered away. Now do you see why you have long ears and a short tail?"

Scamper thanked the breeze and went home to his burrow, one of his curiosities satisfied.

—Nancy Morgan,
Grade X.

A CROW

(Prize Winning Story)

Croaker was born in the highest tree in a small grove of trees away out in the prairie. When he was ever so small, he used to try to push his brothers out of the nest. In fact, he was a bully from the time he left the egg. When his mother would come to feed them, he would always rush and grab his food first, and when she disappeared over the tree tops to get more, he would roughly push his brothers around and change places with them, and so get another feed, while one brother had to go hungry.

One day when their mother and father were sitting on a branch beside the nest talking over business, and Croaker and his brothers were dosing in the sun, a sound of voices was heard approaching. Mother and father flew over to some other trees to see what it was all about. What they saw was two boys talking excitedly and pointing up at the nest. Next instant one was climbing up the tree. Croaker, seeing this, lay very still and thought a very excellent idea would be to pretend that he was dead. So he closed his eyes and made himself very still. All at once he felt a hand grasp him but it soon let him go again, as the person thought he was dead. When Croaker opened his eyes again, he found that he was alone in the nest. The boys had taken his two brothers. This was just what he wanted, as now he could get all he wanted to eat. But his joys were short lived, as the boys came back next day to see if he really was dead. When they found out that he had been fooling, they took him up, and put him in a little box and took him far away from his little home. He was bounced and bumped around the box for ages, it seemed to him, and when he was finally set down, he was thoroughly worn out. He was then taken out of the little tight fitting box and put in a long cage, which had once been used for a chicken coop. Croaker, as soon as he felt himself free, hopped over to a corner (as he had not yet used his wings, he did not know what to do with them) where he sat behind a board for a long time until he saw the boys throw some meat into the cage and go into the house. When he was sure everyone had gone, he poked his head out and hopped over to the food, and as he was hungry, he soon finished it and looked for more. As he did not find any, he thought he would go out. But after bumping himself a few times on the wire, he found that he couldn't get out. He amused himself by picking up little bits of tin buttons, nails, etc., and putting them in a little pile behind the board.

In a few days he got quite used to the boys who brought him food, and he gobbled it down before they had even gone. About three weeks later, the boy came, opened the cage and took Croaker out and set him on top of the cage. He sat there for awhile and then he hopped over the edge and flopped over. He saw that he was falling, so he spread his wings and sailed gently to the ground. This was great fun, so he did it again, this time learning to fly upwards. When he got tired of this, he went to search for grasshoppers. As soon as he had had enough, he hopped back into the cage to spend the night. Next day he was allowed out again. This time he flew to the top of his master's house and cawed loudly for his breakfast. The

boy's mother poked her head out of the window and shook her fist angrily at the crow, which was perched on the roof looking at her very saucily with his beady black eyes. As it was a very early hour, the boy had to come out half asleep and give Croaker his much wanted breakfast so as not to have all the neighbors grumbling.

The summer was almost over now, and the boy and his mother were beginning to wonder if they were going to keep Croaker all winter, but the question was solved, for one morning they did not hear the loud croaking outside their windows. Croaker was gone. He had heard the call of the South, and had joined a flock of crows which had passed over the fields early that morning. They had learned to love old Croaker, and the little boy felt very badly at his departure. But his mother consoled him, saying that there would be plenty more little crows to be had next spring.

—Ruth Wood,
Grade IX.

A WALK IN THE WOODS (Junior School Prize)

It was a warm autumn day and the leaves softly fluttered down as we packed our lunch and started for the woods. The sun was high in the sky and there was a slight wind. The bunnies hopped through the woods to their homes while the squirrels chattered happily in the trees.

We were all hungry so we decided to stop at the first little spring we came to. We broke off the path and started through the woods, until we came to two lovely large rocks covered with moss, down which a small stream trickled. Around them were the lovely leaves. Everything was quiet except the laughing of the stream as it tumbled over the rocks. We stopped and gazed in wonder, then we unpacked our lunch and began, but hardly had we finished when a large bear with her cubs shuffled quietly out of the woods. The queer thing about them was they walked on two feet. The mother bear quietly got down on all fours and began to drink while the cubs came slowly up to us and sniffed us. One cub climbed into my lap and went to sleep. The little cub let us stroke him and pet him till finally the mother bear gave a low growl and the cubs ran to her. Then they went back into the forest. It had been the most wonderful thing I had ever seen.

As we went homeward through the woods we heard short little yelps and a low soothing growl. We went into the woods and discovered one little cub had hurt his leg. Most likely he caught it in a hole. We picked up the cub and bound the leg in a handkerchief. We made a bed of moss for it, then laid it down. We stayed awhile with them, then went away.

A few days later we came back but we just found the handkerchief on the bed, for the bears had gone.

—Mary Harris,
Grade VI.

RAIN

From leaden sky—to sodden earth
The ceaseless rain came down,
The world seemed to have lost its mirth
 In country and in town;
The swallow sat huddled upon her nest,
 Under the dripping eaves,
Motionless, their boughs at rest,
 Stood the leafless trees;
A thousand tiny fountains splashed
 In every growing puddle,
And down the street small rivers dashed
 In swirling muddy muddle;
And still, on every hill and plain,
 Cold and dismal fell the rain.

—Margaret Aldous.
Grade X.

THE RESCUE

“Oh look!” cried everyone, “there’s a dog in the river, and there is so much ice around it that the poor thing can’t possibly get out.”

I ran to see what everyone was screaming about, and sure enough, there was a dog trying to get out of the half-frozen river.

The dog looked, as far as I could see, to be black with quite a large body. It must have been a retriever, for it could swim well, but of course it was so cold that the poor creature was half-frozen before he could even attempt to get out.

A passer-by must have seen him for he ran to get help. Quite a few men gathered around, for there were policemen and other men trying to aid in helping the dog.

A boy must have had feelings for the dog, for he risked his life by taking a ladder and putting it out to where the dog was struggling for his life, and put a rope around his waist and crawled out on his hands and knees. He put the other end of the rope around the dog’s collar and then crawled back to safety. Then pulling the rope, he helped the dog on to the ice, then to the land.

The dog then was rushed to the Humane Society and given brandy. It was said that the dog could not use his legs for awhile, but he would come through all right.

Although a dumb animal cannot talk, this dog, if he could, would have thanked this boy many times for saving him from this dreadful death.

—Pat Leistikow,
Grade VIII.

AUTUMN

Upon the autumn landscape cold and drear,
A few small snowflakes lazily drift down.
By the stone wall the oak trees stand in fear,
Upon the autumn landscape cold and drear.

A breeze moans round the tree trunks stark and brown,
The flowers sleep beneath the bracken sere.
Upon the autumn landscape cold and drear,
A few small snow flakes lazily drift down.

—Willa Harvey,
Grade X.

A TULIP'S STORY

I remember when I lived in Holland. I was only a little stem on a big bulb. Then a man cut me off. He put me into a boat with many other bulbs. Then the boat moved. At last it stopped. I was taken out and put in a train. Then another man put me in a bag. I stayed there for a long time. Then a tall man came and said he wanted a bag of bulbs. So a man took the bag I was in and gave it to the big tall man. He planted me and I went to sleep.

Then in the spring I woke up. I pushed up and up and burst through the ground. Then I grew into a beautiful tulip. One day a little girl picked me and put me in a vase. I died that night very happily because I had made some one else happy.

—Winnifred Ruth Mackintyre,
Grade IV.

ANTICLIMAX

The night was dark and silent, no moon was in the sky,
The trees were ghostly shadows, and the wind went whispering by;
The doors were barred, the shutters closed, and yet it seemed to me
As though I heard a visitor approaching stealthily.

The stranger crept up closer, I lent my listening ear,
For now I heard the buzz of a mosquito hovering near;
It drew as by a magnet, till it lit upon my nose,
My hand descended quickly, and my friend lay at my toes.

—Caroline Harris,
Grade VII.

FAIRIES

When I think of fairies,
I think of airy little sprites,
Dancing through the daytime,
Dancing through the night
Till they reach the golden dawn,
With sunshine warm and bright,
And cry with bell-like voices,
"The end of the night!"

—Joyce Johnston,
Grade V.

THE MOON

O moon so bright,
How you sparkle with light,
How you glide across the sky,
It's a wonder you can't fly.
You are never too late
To come out of the lake,
When the sun goes into his bed
Your pale silver light you shed.

—Barbara South,
Grade V.

MY TEDDY BEAR

I have a little Teddy Bear,
Who keeps me warm all night,
And when I go to bed with him
He growls to show me his delight.

—Doreen Gibson,
Grade III.

BANFF

Once when I was in Banff, Sarah and I went tobogganing. Sarah had on some old ski boots that she found in the garage. Once when we were going up the hill to go down on the toboggan, Sarah said she saw the tracks of a bear, and I did too. Sarah found out that it was only the tracks of her ski boots.

—Betty Devenish,
Grade III.

MY PLAYFELLOW

I have a little playfellow,
We play beneath the sun;
The sun is very, very yellow,
We have heaps of fun.

I like to play outside,
It's fun to play in winter;
In the snow I shall hide,
Sometimes I get a splinter.

—Ruth Sanderson,
Grade III.

THE STORY OF A CAKE OF ICE

I am a cake of ice. I was frozen in the late autumn. When the spring came I broke away from the big piece of ice and floated down the river with many other pieces of ice. As I went along I passed banks with trees and grass on them. Gradually I began to grow smaller. At first I wondered at this, then I found that it was due to the heat. Pretty soon I got in an ice jam and could not go on any farther. Some men came along and separated us. They took me and some of the rest to sell. The others they left in the river. The men sold us. I was sold to an ice man. He was a new one on the job. He took me to a house where the lady was away and left me on the doorstep. There I melted. When the lady came home all that was left of me was a puddle of water.

—Marion Booth,
Grade IV.

SPRING

Spring is coming back again
And all the world is gay,
The snow is melting and vanishing
And the water's flowing away.

The brooks in the woods are babbling,
The leaves on the trees bud again,
The birds are singing their happy songs
And then comes the soft grey rain.

The crocuses peep above the ground,
They make the hills purple and white.
No more does Jack Frost come
To paint the windows at night.

The primroses are nodding their yellow heads,
The cherry blossoms are white,
The fairies are weaving dandelion chains,
In the beautiful spring daylight.

The daffodils are blooming,
The bunnies come out to play,
Spring has returned at last
And all the world is gay!

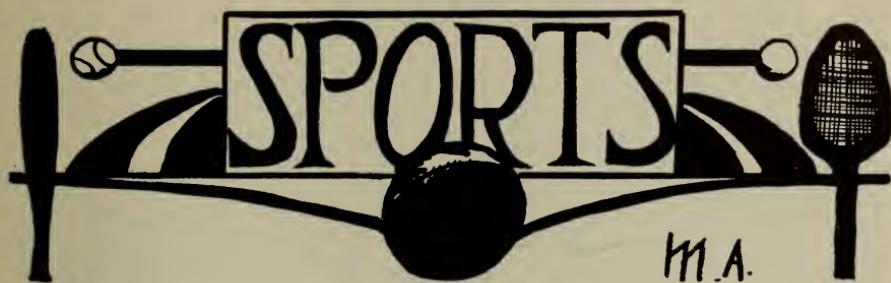
—Peggy Murray,
Grade VII.

DOUGLAS HALL

I belong to Douglas Hall,
Where we come at Marnie's call.
But I do think that Douglas is best;
I think it's better than the rest.
We go to our meetings every day
And never do we stay away.

—Barbara King,
Grade IV.





The 1933-34 term has been the scene of numerous athletic activities, among which the foremost was basketball.

Inter-house basketball meets have met with great enthusiasm and the competition has been so keen that sometimes a point of one has determined to which house victory should lie. Garry Hall and Douglas Hall played the deciding game for the School championship and the former was triumphant.

Of even more importance in the basketball field are the two yearly games with Rupert's Land. The first match was played at Riverbend and both our first and second teams were fortunate enough to win. The second match has, at the time of this writing, not yet been played off. It will take place at Rupert's Land on Thursday, May 17th, and may the best teams win.

Badminton was another of the more popular games. Our court in the gymnasium was made use of whenever available. In badminton, as well as basketball, there has been friendly rivalry between the houses. York Hall was successful in winning both the singles and doubles. Inas Helen George was the leading light, taking the singles, and along with Mary Cowan, the doubles.

Swimming and riding constituted the programme for Wednesday afternoon of each week. These sports were indulged in more by the juniors than the seniors—the latter sometimes having classes on Wednesday afternoons. An inter-house swimming meet was held at the Y.W.C.A., on February 7th and the spectators were greatly thrilled by the exhibition of swimming and diving. Marks were given for good dives and to the winners of races. When these were totalled it was found that Douglas Hall had come out on top, although the other two halls were not far behind.

Now that spring has come and summer is on its way, ball games have become the popular sport. Soon archery will be in vogue and baseball will take a place in the background.

The pupils of Riverbend greatly enjoy athletic enterprises and the standard set this year is one of the School's highest.

—Mary Cowan,
Grade XI.



THE BASKETBALL TEAMS

Standing (Second Team): Marian McCurdy, Ma'el Stewart, Ariel Anderson, Sheila Paget, June Edmison, Shirley Muddiman, Lydia Klein, Marnie Austin, Monica Cave.

Sitting (First Team): Ruth Baldry, Inas George, Grace McCurdy, Mary Cowan, Katherine Hall, Betty Moxon, June Whyte (captain), Nancy Morgan.

FIELD DAY

On Wednesday, October 4th, Riverbend School held their Annual Field Day, to which the parents and friends were invited.

Winners in the various events were:—

Ball Throwing: 1, Inas Helen George; 2, Mary Cowan; 3, Jane Whyte,

High Jump: 1, Inas Helen George; 2, tie between Ruth Baldry and Mary Cowan; 3, Ruth Wood.

Juvenile Race—Grades 2, 3 and 4. First race: 1, Margaret Winstanley; 2, Winnifred Ruth McIntyre; 3, Shirley Pinfold. Second race: 1, Joan Harris; 2, Helen Palk; 3, Isabel Bilton.

Standing Broad Jump: 1, Mary Cowan; 2, Inas Helen George; 3, Betty Newcombe.

Running Broad Jump: 1, Mary Cowan; 2, a tie between Inas Helen George and Patricia Leistikow; 3, Ruth Wood.

Fifty Yard Dash: 1, Mary Cowan; 2, Jane Whyte; 3, Ruth Wood.

Archery: 1, Elspeth Wilson; 2, Dossie MacLean; 3, Betty Moxon.

The relay race was won by the Grade XI. team.

Senior Athletic Cup was awarded to Grade XI. and the Junior Cup, to Grade VII., in the large living room in which tea was served later.

—Jane Whyte and Elspeth Wilson.

THE GYM DISPLAY

On Friday, March 9th, we had our Annual Gym Display. Every year there is the same feeling of excitement and terror. "What if anything should go wrong?" and more important still "What if I were the cause of something going wrong?"

We came back to school in the evening at 7.30 and Grade XI. was sent up to the gym to usher the many parents who come to cheer us in our efforts. We stood at the door and fervently wished it were all over, while we were trying to find a place for Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So.

At last the light dimmed and we saw lines of pyjama clad tots who came into the gym and proceeded to portray "Sleepy Time," with the aid of a spotlight. Next came "Schoolmates," done by Grades I. and II., and then Grades III., IV. V. and VI. gave a striking exhibition of the games and songs they have during their gym periods. The Danish fundamentals by Grades IX. and X. came next and the easy grace and agility displayed by these girls won praise from the audience. A bit of variety by way of tap dancing was inserted, and a select group of senior girls did a mart dance to "Nola." This was followed by some clever miming by Grace McCurdy and Marnie Austin, who, in fitting costumes, did a tap dance to "School Days." The next item was Swedish drill done by Grades VII. and VIII. A senior group took part in the apparatus work, then in danced the folk dancers who were chosen from Grades IX., X. and XI. They did three dances, "The Old Mole," "Cracoviac" and a Morris dance. The pyramids by Grades XI. and XII. were done exceedingly well and seemed to be enjoyed immensely by the audience. A very pretty effect was produced by



the dance, "Nocturne." The final item was the school march which included Grades V. to XII. It was ably led by Mary Harris in Grade V.

At last it was over, but it will come again next year, and those of us who are still here will be just as excited when it does.

—Inas Helen George,
Grade XI.

THE LEATHER WORK HOBBY CLUB

At the beginning of the Easter term it was decided to start various hobby clubs. One of these hobbies is leather work, and on Friday afternoons at 4.30, about a dozen girls may be seen hurrying to the room where Miss Floyd Stephens helps and teaches us this interesting hobby.

Among the many things that can be made in leather are purses, bags, key cases, book covers, pocket comb and mirror cases, writing cases, book ends, gloves and numerous other articles.

To make these things some special tools are necessary. The most important ones are the puncher which makes the holes in the leather and the modeller, to trace the patterns on to the leather and to press up the pattern. After the holes are made the edges are bound with strips of leather, called thonging, which is used to join parts together.

One of the easiest leathers to work with is suede. Most of the girls began to make suede purses. When calf and other skins are used they are generally colored by means of special dyes, which we are now beginning.

Leather work is a useful hobby because we can make many articles for gifts and for ourselves. Also it teaches us to be accurate and careful. At first we were not very accurate and often we got into bad muddles, until Miss Floyd Stephens came to our rescue by undoing our work and starting us once more in the right way.

There is great scope too in this hobby for original ideas both in making the articles and the designs and color used to decorate them. As we progress with this work we hope our various ideas will blossom forth, so that many useful and original articles may result from "Our Leather Work Hobby Club."

—Iris Norman,
Grade VII.

THE GLEE CLUBS

The Glee Clubs of Riverbend have played their part in the activities of the school in their usual fashion.

Mrs. Dempsey has taught us in her cheerful and inspiring way and we appreciate her generosity and patient hard work very much.

Miss Pottruff, the accompanist of the Glee Clubs, deserves a great deal of credit also for her kind helpfulness in practising with us and accompanying us in all our entertainments.

Important occasions were celebrated during the first part of the year and the Glee Clubs took part in the entertainment, but the big event of the year was the Musical Festival. Much preparation was made for it. Indeed

so much that we spent some of our holiday mornings practising at the school with Mrs. Dempsey. Our songs were very lovely and also very difficult. Rupert's Land College was the opposition and turned out to be the winners.

We are now preparing for the closing exercises.

—Maurine Stuart,
Grade IX.

TWELFTH NIGHT

On December 2nd we presented our first Shakespearean play, "Twelfth Night." The effort was a great success and a credit to the directors, Miss Erith and Miss White. The cast was chosen from the senior school and included Aline and Willa Harvey, who took the parts of Sebastian and Viola; Patricia Collard that of Orsino; Monica Cave that of Sir Andrew; Ruth Baldry that of Sir Toby; Margaret Aldous that of Malvolio; Ferne Cairns that of Feste, and Betty MacKay that of Olivia. Other members of the cast were Dossie MacLean, Nancy Morgan, Catherine Walton, Shirley Muddiman and Isobel Hutchison. Such a good play could only have been achieved by the patience of the producers and the willingness of their players. May we have many more of Shakespeare's works performed as creditably.

—Mary Cowan and Janet Turnbull.



TWELFTH NIGHT

Willa Harvey, Margaret Aldous, Ferne Cairns, Dossie MacLean, Betty MacKay, Isobel Hutchison.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

On the evening of Friday, February 23rd, the parents and friends of Riverbend School greatly enjoyed the presentation of the fairy tale, "Alice in Wonderland," by the Junior School, Grades I. to VIII.

If we could have had a glimpse behind stage we would see it fairly overrun with all kinds of curious little performers, each excitedly awaiting her turn to bring to life the fanciful character she represented.

From the time we had our first glimpse into Wonderland until the final curtain fell, Alice entered into her part with such perfect ease and naturalness that she made her adventures seem almost real.

As things got "curioser and curioser" we saw fishes and frogs dressed as footmen, a white rabbit who wore kid gloves and carried a fan. We visited the home of a Duchess with a peppery cook and a squealing baby or piglet, we're not sure which. We witnessed the touching scene of the mock turtle urged on by the griffin, singing to us the sad tale of his life.

As the evening wore on we went with Alice to one of the queerest tea-parties we've ever attended. A mad hatter, a March hare and a dormouse were also present and amused us greatly by their queer actions and conversation. Tiring of this foolery Alice went on to the Court of the King and Queen of Hearts where she became involved in the trial of the Knave of Hearts, accused of stealing some tarts. The jury was perhaps the oddest one ever assembled. It consisted of a dodo, two penguins, a lizard, two guinea pigs, a canary, a dormouse and a mouse, along with the aforesaid griffin and mock turtle. And we must not forget to mention the baby canary or to mention the three little princesses, gardeners, soldiers and executioners who complete the pack of cards.

The play ended as you'll recall with Alice being called back from the land of make-believe by her big sister.

The success of this play was due largely to the direction of Miss Erith and Miss White and also to the other teachers and the parents who designed and executed the costumes.

The costumes deserve special note because they were so effective and so true to the illustrations in Mr. Carroll's famous book.

—Betty MacKay and Margaret Aldous.

Dear Girls:

Once again we, of the Alumnae, greet the school through the Vox Fluminis. Jean MacDonald, as our president, has capably guided us through another successful year. We have had seven meetings—two of which were held in conjunction with school functions. At the first meeting we met the new members of the staff, and also had the opportunity of renewing our acquaintances with the ones we knew before.

On January 27th we had a silver tea. We received splendid support from the girls in the school—thank you. The proceeds from this tea were used to get a head girl pin and prefect pins. We also set aside a certain sum for books for the library.

On February 1st we had a basketball game with the staff. Neither team had had much practice so the match was a great success and not too one-sided. We won, but only by a very few points.

We are very sorry to lose our Honorary President, Miss Foster. Her advice and guidance has been invaluable to us in the founding and the growth of our association.

The Alumnae are looking forward to welcoming this year's graduates of the school.

Graduates of 1933

Frances Aikins is at a finishing school in England.

Enid Wertheim is taking an Arts course at the University of Manitoba.

Betty Dailley is completing her matriculation.

Betty Neal is taking Home Economics at the Agricultural College.

Kathleen Griffiths is taking Home Economics.

Margaret Elders is at University—Arts.

Mary Jane Austin is taking Home Economics.

Grace Clark is a woman of the business world.

Dorothea Tait is at the Agricultural College taking Home Economics.

Betty Ray Parton is taking Arts.

Carla Lehmann is studying Domestic Science at Rupert's Land.

Peggy Carlisle started the University in the fall, but has since discontinued.

Isobel Burch is a lady of leisure.

Grade XII. of 1933

Mary Walston—Mrs. Kilvert.

Isobel Scott is at Business College.

Ruth McFarlane is in second year Science at the University.

Helen McInnes is at McGill University.

This year is the first year that any Alumnae have graduated from University. They are:—

Jean MacDonald '30—graduates from Science.

Marion McLeod '30 in Grade XII., graduates with a B.Sc.(H.Ec.).

Evelyn Hay '30—gets a B.A. from Wesley College.

Jean McLean '30 is graduating in Arts from Wesley College.

Margaret McDonald '30 is graduating from the General Hospital this spring.

Dorothy McGavin is graduating from the St. Boniface Hospital this spring.

Marriages

Jean McPherson '30 to Mr. P. A. MacDonald.

Mary Walston '32 to Mr. M. C. Kilvert.

—Mary Elizabeth McIntyre.

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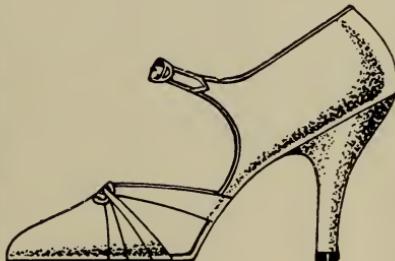
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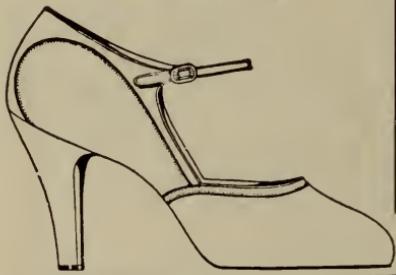
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